

BY MARY E. WILKINS.

"Well, then, come right out," went home
 Eddy, and he didn't come out.
 "It turned out that somebody had been
 telling him how Flora cared her things
 round side out, and I guess that had
 been the cause. He said some things, but
 I guess he said with his staying away than her
 telling a fib. He said some things, finally,
 folks said he did, that she was right back
 the Flora, as to how ridiculous he thought
 was. Then I began to think it was all
 over, sure, for it always has seemed to
 me that when a man begins to make fun
 of a woman, that is the end of his affec-
 tion. I was sorry, because I had
 thought a good deal of Flora, and I hated
 to think that she had nothing before her
 any longer of old age. But all the time I
 tried to get used to it in meeting and
 Albert Eddy, and I tried to get rid of
 myself of himself to Flora sitting
 looking as handsome as a
 man's as young as some
 myself that if I didn't
 I should think he was
 living over his liking for
 doubt whatever that
 He told me so
 had come to
 was old and
 eccentric, and
 elpmeet. And a

"Yes," replied the indignant parent,
 "the youngster played hookey from
 school, ate up two jars of his mother's
 jam, tumbled his little sister out of her
 high chair, and tried to build a bonfire in
 the barn."
 "No matter," returned the spokesman:
 "it is government without the consent of
 the governed, and we cannot permit it."
 "Reason that," went on the indignant
 parent, "he broke three windows in your
 basement."
 "What?" cried the spokesman: "is he
 the boy who did that? Why, he ought to
 be licked within an inch of his life. I'd
 like to have the handling of him for a
 day or so and I'd teach him to behave
 himself."
 "But government without the con-
 sent—"
 "Is a theory, nothing but a theory—a
 measly little impossible theory!"

One of Sims Reeves' Stories.
 From the London Mainly About People.
 A favorite story of the late Sims Reeves
 tells how the famous tenor was stranded
 at a country junction, waiting for a train.
 "It was cold and miserable, and the singer
 was naturally not in the best of tempers.
 While chewing the cud of disappointment

Why, when you get a holy drop, it quickly rises to
the top of the glass."
And if the world we live in can really be a ball?
Oh, I'd go to school and study every minute in the
day.
For all these curious knowledge how I'd strive
if I could only know these things!"—he gave a
sigh.
"I'd really be the happiest boy alive!"

But Willie bowed back a present century boy.
"I wish I'd lived five hundred years ago.
This spending time in schoolrooms—don't I wouldn't?
For then these things they didn't have to know!
It's a nuisance reading history—they didn't have
to learn it."
And as for science—my, 'twas jolly fun.
For there wasn't electricity or sound for boys to
learn.

The discoverers weren't born—or hardly one!
I'd like to live as boys did ten hundred years ago.
For I'd be free to go to the moon and back
if there wasn't anything to learn, nor more than
they had then.

My, wouldn't it be happy every day!
—Yeard's Companion

mandio, but was gone. Then there was the laughter and the shouting as they pitched into their clothes and rushed to the kitchen.

The stockings were pithoric. Jack plunged into his.

Gee whiz! Marbles, a twist of molasses candy, a Barlow knife, a ball of twine, strangely dear to the boy heart, and a hunk of ginger bread.

"Now, boys, I have a gift for each of you, and drawn forth a jumping-jack, a six-bladed knife, maple sugar cakes, and a large, red apple.

While 'Gee reveled over a knife with four blades, and a cork-screw attachment, a gaudy top, and a big orange.

"The boys, who had been gifts and disappointed over values, the mother said by the fire and laughed till she cried, then all of the three old boys kissed her, and she hung on the neck of each, and bless you

member, told them to each write out a little history of the human body. The following is copied from the "story" of one small boy handed her, with the evident assurance that he knew it was all right, for he had studied very hard over it:

"The human body is divided into three parts—the head, the thorax, and the abdomen.

"The head contains the brains, if there are any; the thorax contains the heart and the vital organs, and the abdomen the vessels, of which there are five—a, b, c, d, e, and u, and sometimes w and y."

Our Plain-spoken Mr. Chouteau.

From *N. N. Post's London Letter.*

The American Ambassador astonished his host, the Duke of Devonshire, by the frankness with which he congratulated Salisbury upon deferring his incursion into American politics until the election was

Olivo Oil for Frying.
Olive oil is superior to lard for frying, because it can be heated to a much higher temperature without burning than can be lard or drippings. Lard, however, is better than butter. In fact, butter will burn before it is hot enough for frying. The oil necessary for cooking food and it is therefore never used for frying. Fat of any kind is hot enough for frying properly when a piece of bread is browned from both sides by putting a slice of raw potato into it. The fat has reached the proper degree of

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